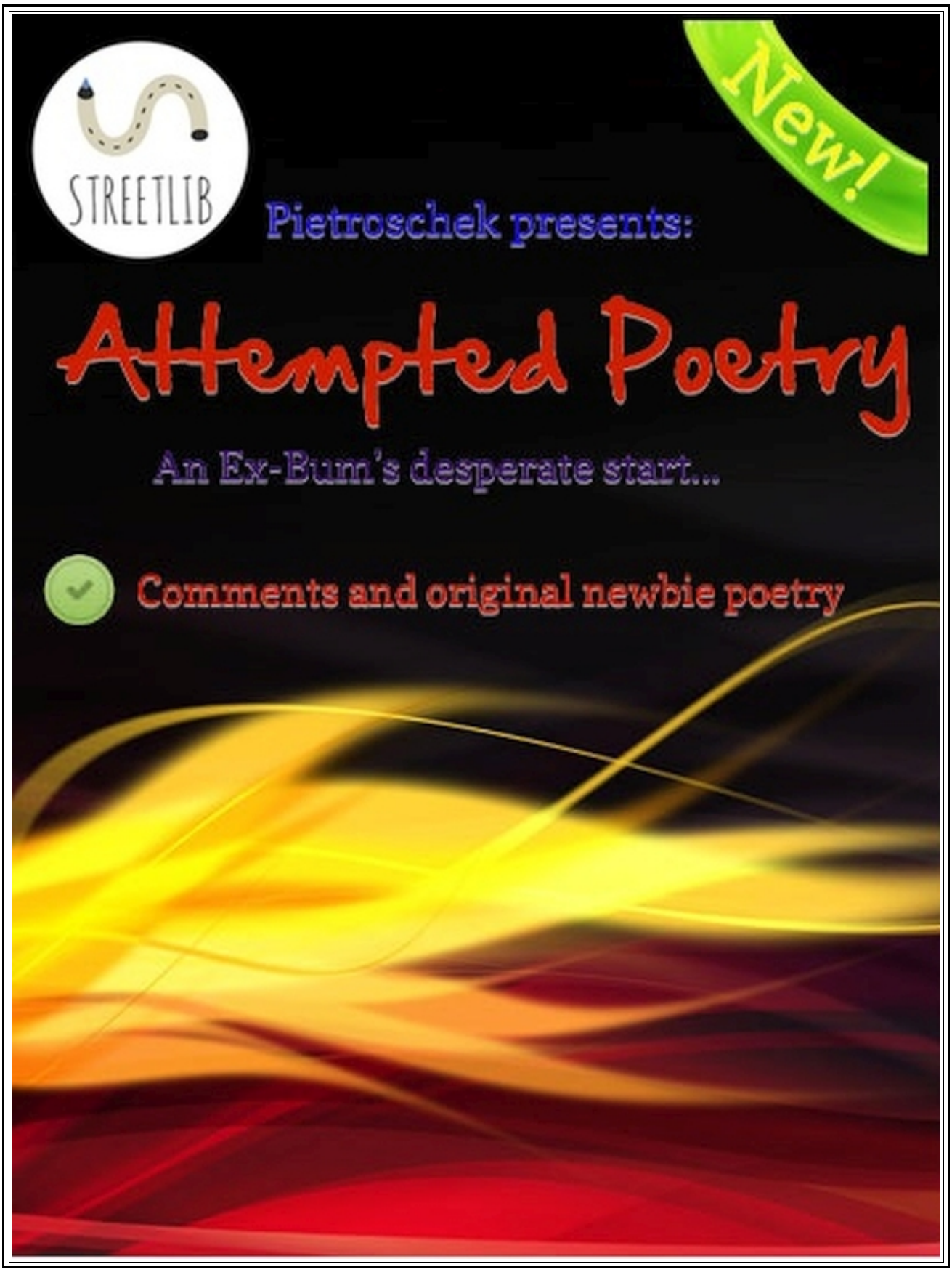
STREETLIB
New!
Pietroschek presents:
Attempted Poetry
An Ex-Bum's desperate start...
Comments and original newbie poetry

Prosaic attempts I expected to fail miserably…

ISBN: 9788892532632

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Foreword

For me 2015 began with becoming urban homeless. With the insight that even feeding from trashcans, and sleeping in filth while surrounded by criminals, still means you must expect the competition. I knew instantly that the All-Time-Low I called my life had to be restored.

Sadly friends of me died, while I became good in performing the bureaucratically-controlled *dance of demands* which resulted in me renting a new apartment late in April 2015.

One night I fumbled around http://www.free-ebooks.net & wanted to download an adult horror story, for I was simply bored. Bright lights informed me I could share my own ebook there, and I thought: "I am so outgunned, why not make one or two cost-free ones.". I did not expect to be accepted as an author, but I was. So lets invest some work.

The secret you need to know: If you believe it, or not, formatted text looks differently when taken from the writing software into some website HTML or equivalent. Line-length is one important aspect easily spoiled by it. Sadly all bad about the context remains my own failure... ;-)

So now I am sitting here, before a second-hand 64bit Lenovo ThinkPad T400, which does not really do the thinking for me, and I even got some Windows 7 Professional purchased, registered, and installed. The Penguine aka PCLinux abandoned me even before I had to make it as a bum!

I can't afford a real celebration, so I unleash some more of my prose unto the world. This leads to a warning I used in 2014:

I write this in Pietroschek Prose, not US-English, nor British English. Pietroschek Prose is something like unintentional, imbecilic-moronic violation of the two English versions to which it is often, and lets hope accidentally, compared to. ;-)

With this foreword I have prepared you better than I was prepared for all the crappy etexts which made me prefer to write and publish my own. Enjoy, or appreciate that it is a low-cost work at least!

Recent Autobiographical Note I wrote

Hello, my name is Andrè. On date of writing this I am a 42 year old German Skinhead. I've been a hobby-author & occult-dabbler for some decades by now. I have always been an outsider or pariah in my own way. Technically my prosaic way makes nearly all people (on occasion even my wife-to-be & myself) underestimate how much of a pro I tend to be for real. If I do something as an author or artist, then there is a 99% chance that it is part of some 'labeled-proper' way for authors and artists.

To clarify something certain people need: I am not a racist and only AntiSemite as far, as all Germans tend to be so (historical guilt or what), plus grew up with pretty many people from very different cultures and religions. Being a decently educated German of my age though I had family and neighbors who worshiped & served Adolf Hitler, when the original Nazi were still alive. I have streaks from both sides, and I wouldn't be honest, if i state too much enthusiasm for democracy as I had to endure it so far.

I have been a passionate Fantasy-Roleplayer for the most crucial years of my passed life. The state of being an Ex-Roleplayer now belongs to that in an abstract way - at least, if one asks me about it.

New Years Eve 2014 to 2015 I had become a bum (urban homeless), spending my Winter sleeping outside in the urban city-center. I recovered and rent myself a new room in late April 2015, but that was overshadowed by one of the few loyal friends I had dying, and the second suffering a stroke brutally knocking her down.

I have been a small-scale criminal for at least two decades of my life, and I was really never arrested, nor sentenced in any §-form. Sometimes that makes a twisted arrogance shine through, especially in social surroundings where I feel unwelcome or which I am only pretending to respect.

By now I can be both, a decently good man of the world who has lived thru much and achieved some wisdom & a fierce, unforgiving, and violent-prone bastard, when i am pissed-off. Both is me, and always has been.

On TV I liked: Castle, Dexter, Game of Thrones, Sherlock, Those who kill (Danish & US versions), and Supernatural (early seasons). Books I read plenty, but outside of Satanism I noticed that I dislike indulging small-talk about them.

I am a gluttonous person, bounce between workaholic and utterly lazy, and I never had it too easy with women, so some know me as the boring loser to ignore, others as quite a sexist macho. I like plenty of animals, and I am able enough to socialize, if I decide to try.

In January 2015 I had decided to accept my Stalker's triumph and start a completely new chapter of my life. Continuing what & whom I cared about is part of this.

Originals – Rawest rhymes & doublets

The three basic ones I considered good enough for my entire lifetime were: 'Witchhunter', 'God, I have my own truth, too!', and 'Old Man – In retrospective'. Witchhunter gave birth to Vampirehunter Leona, the latter winning a minor award, so I include both versions.

Due format they begin next page, and I hyperlinked their titles into clickable-bookmarks for easier PDF maneuvering! Manual work, the unpaid-extra sort, you know...

Witchhunter for Witch's Wake NWN-Story by Rob Bartel

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On enjoying to play Witch's Wake 1-The fields of battle

My crucial struggle is now surely lost
Even the winners can't cover the cost

My body is hurting as much as my soul
The white witch soon reaching her goal

Overwhelmed by stygian power and vice
I learned they are cruel, and cold as ice

I pledged my loyalty to our king in faith
Now death calls like a harrowing wraith

God could forgive me I doubt that god will
So my blood flows out while I lie here still

At Brogan's Tears I could not help but fail
The dwarves act as if this spot is the grail

The nighthag foretold me my life goes worse
Her prophecy to me was just a wicked curse

No longer my hurt body allows me to stand
my poor life as my poem is destined to end…

- Differences in meaning compared to the German version are purely due artful first aid. I am not really gifted in translating poetry, obviously.
- Rights for the poems (these files) remain with me, rights for the module and all components of the module remain with Rob Bartel and Bioware.
- Thanks for the song "White Witch" performed by the band Savatage.

Vampire-Hunter Leona, Revision 1.02 ↓

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On faith, love, and consequence...

My futile struggle now seems finally lost
As even the winners can't cover the cost

My body is hurting, as much, as my soul
The Clan Tzimisce soon reaching its goal

Overwhelmed by the savage power of vice
I learned they are callous & colder as ice!

No more use of money, no armour of faith
So death calls me like a harrowing wraith

God could forgive but I doubt that god will
My husband sucked dry, while I lay low ill.

True love was the force that made me fail
yet fools claim this power to be their grail

The Malkavian foretold my life gets worse
her prophecies in truth just a dread curse!

No longer my hurt body allows me to stand
This poem, just as my life, is worthy to end

Prayer Title: God I have my own truth, too.

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[Form: Doublets aka Couplets full of Faithful Prose]

God, please lets talk about what "we" have done.
My sins of the past, and my new choice undone.

You've forced me back, unto a "Barabbas' path".
So my creed's: Commandments up your holy ass.

I had just wanted to live a life which pleases me.
Your own ten demands only ensure devils' uppity.

I wanted to be again what heaven eternally denies.
We both know, too, only one of us pays the price.

You ignored my prayers & robbed Baby from me.
I face thy war betrayed of any chance of victory.

God, you demanded what even God did not achieve.
F*ck rules, heed the advise of your remade Thief.

As atrocity triumphed no holy Savior dares to come.
Still you grant luxury & health to the worst of scum.

No unrepentant sinner could shatter my faith in you.
Yet oh holy dictator you achieved that, for it is true!

Academic science so-subtly fulfills the Nazi-Dream.
Perverted mockery of human society gone extreme.

Mortal Elitism, as new guilt makes vile Devils rejoice.
You abandoned us, yet blame us for each MF choice!

God, please enforce justice on this, your planet Earth.
Because Mankind's blind faith just made it much worse.

And if you, God, really hesitate until that judgment day.
Know, too, that by faith in God I've an evil God to slay!

Short before my departure from the modern human race
A poem's found, and oh rejoice, for it restored my faith.

In my weak moments an afar stranger carried my cross
I once more remember the good god, not the vile boss.

I cannot break my curse, and yes I will die like all before
Yet still true to our good god is the sacred oath I swore

And bro, thief's gratitude may come like a subtle spell
For if you fall just pray, so I'll steal your soul from hell.
amen

Note: Revision, and extension, may improve readability. Still they no longer reflect the authenticity of the original prayer really spoken.

Old Man - In retrospective

(prosaic poem in doublets, once for a Contest)
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Many couples entranced in their bout of love and hate;
United by their own hormones pseudo-decree of fate.

Crippled souls, compulsively whipped forth on and on.
No sense for precaution, until that fatal virus has won.

The Loneliness sucks and yes a relationship sucks, too.
Love won't force God to play butler for me, nor for you.

Any overdose of trust, blind faith, or even just wrath;
And before our next round starts the winner is Death!

Still love does grant strength, to go on with our life;
Compared to wisdom she is a more comforting wife.

I am old, sick, and abandoned now, yet looking back;
I feel Love, Joy, and Hatred in a heart once so black!

Poverty, envy, and sickness had banished me before.
Yet I lived love & hate before I reached Death's door.

The young ones storm forwards, to feel it themselves.
Keeping that spirit, like Gandalf kept it with the Elves.

Some lessons of my life felt like a kick below the belt.
Yet what is left of life, if one has thought, but not felt?

I've never asked, nor begged, God to be forgiven at all.
For I had to make my own choices and answer the Call.

We both know such sermon does not make us friends.
Yet it's time that my crappy attempt of poetry ends!

Resume of the work-process

Manually inserting all those little files, enduring the mind raging against the once more utterly destroyed formats and line-lengths... My life had many adventures & ordeals. Some of my friends, just two decades too late, even realized that precisely that was my problem and downfall. Well, downfall or pride-fall, opinions vary on that part. I never turned back.

I named this file 'Attempted Poetry'. At this part of the work, on date of editing, I was tempted to name it 'Contextual Poetry', as that would proverbially pin-point my stronger aspect. Such was learned during the secret courses we authors do in absence of our readers. Strategic Marketing of sorts. Did never work for me.

It is Sunday. Second day of being comparably sick and exhausted. I didn't make it to the supermarket, and am angry about the extra-costs of buying Cola & Milk at the gasoline station or kiosk instead. Even though, to be fair, the prices here are much better than in the city-part I was coming from.

It is still all too much. Basically the ideas are good. I present the three which, thanks to my business partner, have finally been made possible.

- My oldest e-book is cost-free to readers, as it is funded by advertising.
- Readers can use modern technology, like paypal, to **DONATE MONEY TO ME!** Yes, in big letters, because university once really taught such pseudo-brainwashing would be a legitimate and smart business-move. Mutual laughter? Rhetorical question.
- No trees killed, no waste of paper. Admirable side-effect. Not flawless, as computers waste resources, too, but at least no additionally rape of Mother Earth.

Now I go to three more crucial poems. These three were created with hints from Wikihow. Henceforth I added 'Training Poem' to each of their titles! Starts next page.

Training Poem 1 - Darkness & Doom

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When thirsty vampires awaken in darkest crypts
When our true friends are nowhere to be found
When even dread Cthulhu has that right eclipse
That's when we have greater Evil soon unbound

When precious science failed us one more time
When even consequence becomes a vile fiend
When zero police prevents that next best crime
That's when we know we must die unredeemed

When darkest revelations are becoming true
When the Devil spills blood in holy meadows
When we no longer know what you should do
That's when we're spellbound by the shadows

When the witches ride lusting for mortal blood
When the ghouls indulge their unholy gluttony
When all holy guidance remains misunderstood
That's when we see it's our own damned mutiny

- This training poem was done with a guide found at Wikihow. http://www.wikihow.com/Write-a-Rhyming-Poem
- It was created with help from http://rhymezone.com/

Training Poem 2 - Catferatu

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When under the moonlight icy winds blow cold
When horror lurks all around our warm house
When heart pounds, bones chill, we feel so old
Cause out prowls the cat, inside hides a mouse

When darkest legends are spooking us all anew
When each unholy nightmare's becoming so real
When no Abe vanHelsing comes with a job to do
Cause we have the dark wake of Catferatu to feel

When murderous claws bring our bloodiest demise
When we are trapped, as if inside a haunted house
When we've become forlorn and hunted little mice
Cause dark Catferatu hungers for each tasty mouse

When we see terror in our beloved families eyes
When terror whips us callously through the night
When nobody dares to make a stand for us mice
Cause against the Catferatu we mice cannot fight

- This training poem is done with a guide found at Wikihow. http://www.wikihow.com/Write-a-Rhyming-Poem
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Cats & Mice really live with daily horrors we consider extraordinaire, if they happen merely once to ourselves. Human Ego is not without its problems, within each of us!

Training Poem 3 - Happy Go Lucky

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When your cashflow never ever ebbs at all
When sexy women raise their top on sight
When health surges at every back and call
That's when you walk on the brighter side

When all your critics are proven damn wrong
When fans are family, and not pestering fools
When for you that sacred chorus sings a song
That's when you are above the envious fools

When mind and heart still live it, as if truly one
When neither doubt nor greed blind your mind
When you feel peace not torment and have fun
That's when you know life dished it really kind

When you face death after a worthy and happy life
When even oblivion does no longer mean any doom
When you know paradise reunites you & your wife
That's when you have lived life as one blessed boom

This training poem is done with a guide found at Wikihow. http://www.wikihow.com/Write-a-Rhyming-Poem

Now comes another one written directly on a website. Since browsers have inbuilt auto-correction it can be decent. Raw flow instead of meters, crudest rhymes, and perhaps I even form it into simpleton doublets, so I can rightfully & formally call it a poem.

My True Love

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She claimed, with fierce insistence, that she is my one and only love
Her mere existence made me doubt the sanity of our holy God above

That first gift she ever made me drove bone-shrapnel through my spine
To help me heal she clapped my back and claimed she'll be forever mine

She stalked me for my lifetime, destroyed all which I had ever held dear
I am too old to break the stranglehold, and anguished too much to fear

Abusive beyond redemption, the madly sick urge that she calls her love
She helps all who torment me to stay safely established so high above

Such decades of Bedlam's injustice have taught & changed me quite a lot
If age wouldn't undo me I could soon kill all, except our useless, holy god

Each day anew I face my ruined life, for my only true saint is really there;
A shadow-self I melted with, so I'll kill all who demand that I should care!

Contextually I saw a remake of Stephen King's classic 'Misery' in 'Family Guy' & hoped that a twist inspired by occultism would entertain and inspire a little bit.

My early cinquain-phase & what it spawned forth

The modern cinquain and the rules and meanings per line can be found on the Internet. Reading my own ones should work with or without much knowledge though.

Catherine

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Catherine

Befouled Princess

Loves' feminine nemesis

Selfish lust spoiling Love

Hypocrisy

Middleearth

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Middleearth

Paradise Defiled

Ringwar taking toll

Free folks arise anew

Fortitude

Desolation

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Desolation

Painful state

Word rarely used

No easy way out

Harrowing

Verwüstung (Desolation in German)

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Verwüstung

Schmerzlicher Zustand

Selten genutztes Wort

Kein einfacher Weg raus

Heimsuchung

Warlock (One of my favorite RPG-Character-Classes)

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Warlock

Witchborn Son

Doubting Gods' Dictum

Grim Resolve versus Consequence

Diabolical

My first 'Vampire - The Masquerade Bloodlines' Cinquain

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ENGLISH:

Bloodlines

Sarcophagus Charade

Strangleholds of Deception

Infiltrating, Hacking, Bloodsucking, Shooting

Linearity

GERMAN Bloodlines Cinquain:

Mein erstes 'Vampire - Die Maskerade Blutlinien' Cinquain

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Blutlinien

Sarkophag Hysterie

Würgegriff der Hirngespinste

Infiltrieren, Hacken, Blutsaugen, Erschießen

Linearität

ITALIANO Bloodlines Cinquain:

Il mio primo 'Vampire - the Masquerade Bloodlines' Cinquain

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Bloodlines

Sarcofago Farsa

Aggredirmi di inganno

Si infiltra, Hacking, vampirismo, riprese

Linearità

Underdark (D&D-Forgotten Realms)

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Underdark

Subterranean Home

Accused, Besieged, Unconquered

Beloved Realm, homesickly missed

Otherworldly

Webgangsta

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Webgangsta

Jolly Huntingspider

Calmly facing Death

Living the indomitable lifestyle

Spiderkin

Cinquain are great, as they are very time-efficient, actually quicker than most comments, be they praise or provocation. Further they always fit into those cellular-phone SMS (Short Message Service, small text messages, predecessor to voice-mail-Application). But sometimes there comes that wicked moment of truth, when we are no longer satisfied with the lowliest basics finally mastered. Even on newbie-skill-level there can be ambition, or mere self-respect asking NOT to reduce oneself to the crude barbarian who considers one grunt to be already alike a scientific masterpiece.

Satanism – the feared Religion... To me Satanism has always been anathema to religion. I know it as occultism, not theology, by its roots!

Well, time to move on to the next form of training I started to indulge. And time to note that the self-cultivation of personality might have been more successful than the production of actual poetry! Still doing nothing wouldn't have been that much better either.

Yes, I am sorry for those readers who can't just stop reading what they dislike, as they compulsively fulfill that obscured urge to unleash their criticism and scapegoating. Often on my expense, and often as contrast to legitimate criticism, too.

Most recent - About me:

Hello, my name is Andrè. On date of writing this I am a 42 year old German Skinhead. I've been a hobby-author & occult-dabbler for some decades by now. I have always been an outsider or pariah in my own way. Technically my prosaic way makes nearly all people (on occasion even my wife-to-be & myself) underestimate how much of a pro I tend to be for real. If I do something as an author or artist, then there is a 99% chance that it is part of some 'labeled-proper' way for authors and artists.

To clarify something certain people need: I am not a racist and only AntiSemite as far, as all Germans tend to be so (historical guilt or what), plus I grew up with pretty many people from very different cultures and religions. Being a decently educated German of my age though I had family and neighbors who worshiped & served Adolf Hitler, when the original Nazi were still alive. I have streaks from both sides, and I wouldn't be honest, if i state too much enthusiasm for democracy as I had to endure it so far.

I have been a passionate Fantasy-Roleplayer for the most crucial years of my passed life. The state of being an Ex-Roleplayer now belongs to that in an abstract way - at least, if one asks me about it.

New Years Eve 2014 to 2015 I had become a bum (urban homeless), spending my Winter sleeping outside in the urban city-center. I recovered and rent myself a new room in late April 2015, but that was overshadowed by one of the few loyal friends I had dying, and the second suffering a stroke brutally knocking her down.

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By now I can be both, a decently good man of the world who has lived thru much and achieved some wisdom & a fierce, unforgiving, and violent-prone ****, when i am pissed-off. Both is me, and always has been.

On TV I liked: Castle, Dexter, Game of Thrones, Sherlock, Those who kill (both versions), and Supernatural (early seasons). Books I read plenty, but outside of Satanism I noticed that I dislike indulging small-talk about them.

I am a gluttonous person, bounce between workaholic and utterly lazy, and I never had it too easy with women, so some know me as the boring loser to ignore, others as quite a sexist macho. I like plenty of animals, and I am able enough to socialize, if I decide to try.

In January 2015 I had decided to accept my Stalker's triumph and start a completely new chapter of my life. Continuing what & whom I cared about is part of this.

My early acrostic phase of poetry

Again beginning with the simple hint I had at start: Acrostic Poetry is where the first letter of each line spells a word, usually using the same words as in the title.

Catherine (acrostic poem)

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Charming my feelings back out of their grave
Alluring woman who makes me try and behave
The Impossible come-true, and to remain good
Hell no more threat than a bad joke in the hood
Enticing me to dare loving and beeping again
Rarest kind of feelings, first mutual here then
I mourn every moment I can't hold you close
No trauma reducing me to mere sexual prose
Ending it here now to touch you once more...

Cthulhu - My Acrostic Testimony

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C - for Chanting his true name and sharing his dreams from R'yleigh!
T - for Testifying what even the greatest minds didn't dare to realize.
H - for Horrors on the cosmic scale encroaching unto our humanity.
U - for Us who embrace the perilous, obscure path they call madness.
L - for Lusting after the forms of satisfaction no vagina could provide!
H - for Haunted, hated, and hunted, or the normalcy we left behind?
U - for Unquestioning faith in our holy tentacled messiah and his call!

Demonology

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Damnation is the pathways price
Entities, hellbent and full of vice
Meddle in lores forbidden and foul
Onwards with no regard for your soul
Natural law will soon be undone
Old hellspawn having wicked fun
Lust spoiling every true-born love
Onslaught against the Lord above
Good can be violated, raped, and killed
Your own pyre, step by step, it is built

Fallen Angel (Group Contest Poem)

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F.. Fallen not felled, and with dignity beheld

A.. Angelic by your own doing not god's hand

L.. Lucifer's envy, felt as you walk the Earth

L.. Life & Land you've freed from their curse

E.. Enigmatic, and wondrous, to visit us here

N.. Due God no need for regret, anger or fear

A.. Alluring female, gorgeous, smart, and wise

N.. Nuns pledge faith to you to reach paradise

G.. Gentle and great how you inspire us fools

E.. Enmity lurking at envious Devil's command

L.. Leaving us to return to a salvation at hand

Magick & Aiwass

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M = Meaningless hogwash hyped & unleashed by Crowley the Pervert

A = Antiquated spiritual-suicide disguised as occult revelation shared

G = Gutterpunks outmatching the ceremonial high, or each ritual-lie

I = Incestuous people, so proudly entranced in homo-erotic celebrity

C = Chanting of how posture, fraud and cheating empowers their selves

K = Keen frauds and delusional drug-crazed, occult's orcs versus elves

A = Abusing the longing of being a chosen, meaningful mortal one

I = Indoctrinated by an alien, sick, weird voice within the own head

W = Waylaid by psychosis, pranks or demonic possession, hell's fun

A = Adversary-Pawn or Deluded Fool, mostly still best left for dead

S = Supremacy due Compliance, here false promise lures egomania

S = Sinister triumph by cheap tricks, words, and sick psychomachia

Pridefall (Acrostic Poetry)

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P... Psionic species infested by ignorance & insecurity
R... Ruptured due science they consider gifts insanity
I... Insurance to pay and worry about the next mortgage
D... Devilish routine, as it puts our worthiest into a cage
E... Envy & Enmity, once unholy whores, now win awards
F... False smile and fake music replaced our true bards
A... Avenging the crime is like forgivance, sadly in vain
L... Lust and greed sacrificed our future busy with gain
L... Lust & Greed sacrificed mankind on the altar of pain!

Shadowrun (Acrostic Poem)

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S.. Snatching the Job's from Mr. Johnson again
H.. Heroes & Hitmen all working for the NuYen
A.. Adventurous lifestyles for the modern Adult
D.. Down and out, if you have no team to consult
O.. Organized talents, for every job ever needed
W.. Wetjobs OK, if you need 'em nasties bleeded
R.. Racism undone by the 6th world's way of life
U.. Under fire we prosper & for NuYen we strive
N.. Now we have the streets of Seattle to survive

Satanism 2015

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S.. Still I am so occult-crazed and with defiant smile on my face

A.. Already dying, but still sick of religion and God's shitty grace

T.. Training my self, so intent to make it through one more night

A.. A mainstream of ignorance to mock our independence & right

N.. No chance for any salvation, no need for an afterlife just as well

I.. I think that upward-faith is even less sacred than conceptual hell

S.. Slain by God, for Johnny Cash once sang it so damn pretty fine

M.. Meritocracy fuck-off, as your hubris breeds even dumber kine

2.. 2 the high priestess which taught me why to shun easy inner ways

0.. 0 the exact number of authors who ever admitted how each pays

1.. 1 the Magician which we so frantically wanted to embody or become

5.. 5 A Hierophant preaching instead of daring to live, unmasked scum

Unforgiving - Beloved Nemesis

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U - Used to the false promises and masked abuses you tell
N - Not being too eager to call it love, your psychiatric hell
F - Forlorn, for once I've believed in you upright & willingly
O - Overwhelmed by hell, since due you God abandoned me
R - Regretful, as in moments so rare, we both did nobly dare
G - Gay-Fiendish, a remnant-shadow of my former self, beware
I - Isolated, and scarred, from the blood-crime and dire sin
V - Violated by knowing God's treason ensured I won't win
I - Infuriated by being forced to live on until I'll finally die
N - Not sure, if that was love, or someones lunatic, mad lie
G - Good it hurts me and you, as life has 2 freaks to undo

Valerie, 2015 revision

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V - Vengeance long mutual, we will both strike to cripple & kill
A - Anguish overcome, for bloodlust pushes me on to the thrill
L - Lies long unmasked, for with no true start there's no end
E - Enmity breaking the devil's circle of another fake friend
R - Revenge from Bedlam's agents, to me it is really not new
I - Inwardly though I did wish that our friendship could be true
E - Ending the final deception to face my life or death anew

"Dysphoria"

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Dysphoria
Why, why won't drug-highs last forevermore?
Tonight, again psychiatry has an open door…
No, don't ever stop doing that detox you do.
Indeed, I am once more a crazed bitch to you

Dysphoria
Forever, 'till consequence demands its toll
For now, I hide my wrecked state with a LOL
We can't shut up-up-up-up-up-up-up

Dysphoria
A synapse carnival big bad mess
Once more abuse of Crystal Meth
We can't shut up-up-up-up-up-up-up

Dysphoria
We all are here, a new generation sacrificed for politics
We are free, to celebrate our suicide with the sexy chics
Lifelong together, we form the unwashed mob of scum
We're high, but know junkies've no true kingdom come

Dysphoria
Lifelong, I blame you for the strength to live in solitude
For I ain't abusive, I am just another far-gone prostitute
We can't shut up-up-up-up-up-up-up

Dysphoria

A dark twin, wickedly twisted from glamorous euphoria

A stalker from Bedlam, not the holy 'deus ex machina'

We messed it up-up-up-so-up-up-up

Dysphoria

Lifelong, we prowl the night as drug-crazed fiends

Deluded, desperately pretending we're still friends

Dysphoria, oh, dysphoria

We fucked it up-up-up-so-up-up-up

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Inspired by: http://allpoetry.com/poem/11664864-dysphoria-by-catbean-noguest

Form inspired by: Euphoria song lyrics as performed by Loreen. Each stanza gets "Dysphoria" as headline, below that it has the following number of contextual lines 4-3-3-4-3-3-2 plus a final two line resume. Calling Dysphoria like a dark goddess was my personal whim.

Context inspired by: Mourning the lost friends, schoolmates, girlfriends and neighbors, onwards from my childhood in the 70's of last century (heroine & trips), from disco-fever to the cocaine craze of the early 90's and that Crystal Meth wrecking up so much faster...

"But what does 'dysphoria' mean? http://www.thefreedictionary.com/dysphoria

Because I found it important that readers worldwide can access the same definitions which I used to create the poem. May not be high-art, but entire generations know people lost due drugs, some even how tough it was to recover from the own 'rebellious youth' stereotype.

Abyss and other wasted chances (Contest Poem for a friend)

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Shamanic War Council was my choice of terms for a while,
stopping humanity which knew only to take, rape & defile

In Defense of Mankind I warn you once again pretty clear
If you'll misjudge just some it'll end worse than that here

Few arose themselves above madness, and few care at all
Maybe such is needed for all Mankind, a proper & final fall

Not a species beside us who would not know we are fiends
Greedy we defiled, back-stabbed, or betrayed our friends

Let the animals know that it was our great guilt and shame
We were monsters, not like nature's killers one could tame

In defense of mankind kill the good ones gently & real quick
And torture the vile ones, so wickedly sick ends among sick!

Sharky - "Some like it raw!"

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I feared your dark rise from Leviathan's Deep -
Your wild moves disturbed my humble sleep.
In such dread I stared at your predatory form -
As for me you simply crushed the ruling norm.

My mind was drawn into the deep you prowl -
Bestial Devourer, Significant of the own Soul.
Once, long ago, hunting you became my test -
Great savage onslaught which I had to wrest!

Now that I look upon your fallen, lifeless form -
bloody on asphalt, still a sacred, silent storm!
Your cruel Death my failure, as by now I know -
Without you this life has just Hell left to go to.

Routine drains us all and by now it is so clear -
I killed a true friend, blinded by my pain & fear.
Hence I must be strong & now I must strike true -
For: Now I must be me and the very best of you!

Game of Thrones - Crude poem of a Greyjoy vassal

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'' Winter is here, said the gluttonous white walker during the last eclipse -
your iron-throne kingdoms shall get their own zombie-apocalypse!''

The iron islands breed a tough folk and many pirate crews
Still to survive we have to be reckless when trouble brews

Rapacious our blood-lust, for which many of us are feared
Our way a pirate-pilgrimage, for the Drowned God steered

House Reaver shunned no Duty, no shame, and no regrets
I have sired my own children and got into noble ladies' beds

The golden kingdoms scorn us, with blades and wicked lies
For we do not fall prey to glamour, as we pay the iron price

Dreaming that Kraken guides me and Sharks salute me, too
Faith in our Drowned God, it was damn always proven true

Power, Looting, and Feasting, oh joy, i loved that all the way
Maybe I cannot return, still i really enjoyed my precious stay

I had loyal Captain's, and gathered many fine sworn swords
If you dare it, like I did, you live and die like highborn lords

From mate to real reaver, lord of my own banner and house
The iron way is often bloody, so I never asked any applause

My daughter came of age, & she straight shanked her old lord
Her cutlass in my guts, as she smiled & kicked me over-board

Spontaneous Remake © Andrè M. Pietroschek, inspired by

Game of Thrones - Ascent https://www.disruptorbeam.com/games/game-of-thrones

& my favorite Greyjoy Wallpaper at Deviant Art by Tapion32

http://tapion32.deviantart.com/art/We-do-not-sow-330950486

Game-Nerd Cinquain done in the meanwhile

Witchers

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Witchers

Monster Banes

White Wolf's Companions

Facing whatever is dreaded

Wardens

Witcher

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Witcher

Silver & Steel

Wandering the Lands

Fighting, protecting, loving & gambling

Paragon

Werewolves

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Werewolves

Moonlit Berserker

Slaughtering their prey

Howling under the Moon

Furious

Dark-Emo Cinquain

That one was, when I started to recover from the physical enervation of my first urban homeless winter ordeal PLUS the emotional aftershock of another wanted relationship with a woman gone awry. OK, maybe it has to do with having forgotten to write it into the Cinquain part above, too. ;-)

Anguish

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Anguish

Felled Angel

Scourge of Egomania

And painful price paid

Enduring

In my first, cost-free, occult-ebook I promised not to copy-in page-fillers like Enochian Keys, or Rituals every website mentions anyway. Same here. My personal best-of mix on attempted poetry is nearly done. I left out some poetry I dislike, and I lost some backups of poetry I wanted to add in the meanwhile... My life is like that.

So lets enjoy the final piece of poetry. Due copyright I cannot link to the one it was actually a reply to. It is not needed, but contextually I want you to know that this is the yin to a yang, the balance of darkness to a delusional and naive shiny white light sermon.

Inverted Pentagram Haiku

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Hellborn mind infesting,

Egomania's vengeance,

Spellbound to violation!

Thanks for the purchase, and my apologies to those who could not find anything worthy in here. I could remark that I had to live a life of unworthy with no bonus or recompense, but we all know some things won't change anyway. Goodbye!